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Gallay an Charles Ollivier.

Lucca, 18. Aug. 1818.

A. Lill.

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Bagin di Lucca, August 18. 1876.

My dear Sir I hear that you have sent me a parcel & probably a letter, but I have yet received neither. Be so kind as to instruct me by what conveyance you expedite it.

Rec'd the conclusion of my little poem, which I took advantage of ten days of delicious inspiration to finish - the topic of your reproaches & the printer's wonder-operations as I muse on the occasion. You will observe that the fabric of the unfinished composition is slight & unstructured - & that if it have little merit it has as much as it aspires to. - I cannot expect that that long the public will trouble itself to desert its cherished moods, & drink a drop of dew so evanescent.

See Hunt for me - I speak the true word - Shelley. I wish you would write & tell me some news of him & his books. How Fitzgibbon goes on? - They are both of course acquiring little attention. How proceeds, & what is, Heath's Indolence. I hope that will be included in my parcel. He has a fine imagination & ought to become something excellent; but he is not present intently in the cold vanity of systems.

Mr. Hauck will consult the proof - I have written to him about it. Yours very truly
P. B. Shelley.

There are inclosed 6 pieces of writing & 1 letter which you will oblige me by putting in the tin penny post immediately

The poem above alluded to is "Rosalind & Helen"



Malta

70

LUGG

Mr Charles Mier

3 Welbeck Street

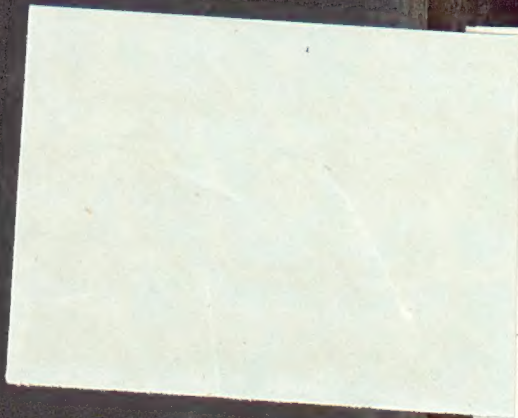
Camden Square

London

England

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Into one thought-one image - yes forever
 Even like the dayspring poured on vapours
 The beams of that one Star did shoot & quiver
 In my benighted mind - & were so long undimmed
 never.

43

The day past thus - at night me thought
 A shape of speechless beauty did appear;
 It stood like light on a careering stream
 Of golden clouds which shook the atmosphere
 A winged youth, his radiant brow did wear
 The Morning Star, - a wild disdaining bliss
 Over my frame he breathed, approaching near
 And bent his eyes of kindling tenderness
 Near mine, & on my lips impressed a lingering
 kiss

And said - A Spirit loves thee, mortal maiden
 How wilt thou prove thy worth? Then firt
 Together fled - my soul was deeply laden^{slap}
 And to the shore I went to muse & weep
 But, as I moved, over my heart did creep
 A joy less soft, but more free from & strong
 Than my sweet dream, & it forbade to keep
 The path of the seashore - that Spirit's tongue
 Seemed whispering in my heart & bore my steps^{along}

Now to that vast & peopled city led
 Which was a field of holy warfare then
 I walked among the dying & the dead
 And shared in people's deeds with
 evil men